

*Robt Wilkins. The Gift
of J. Murray - October 1826.*

A
COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S,

WRITTEN

IN THE

EAST INDIES.

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS,

IN

R E A L L I F E.

By J — H —
K

Nugæ Canoræ.



CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY JOSEPH COOPER,
TELEGRAPH PRESS.

1797.

TO THE
OFFICERS OF THE
INDIAN ARMY



BENGAL ESQ. SHERIN

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M S

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR

MOST OBLIGED SERVANTS

THE AUTHOR

December 1896

The former owner of the book

Robert Bateman Wilkins (1788-1862).

Appointed cadet in Bengal Army 1804.

Invalided as capt. 42nd N.I. Oct. 17, 1824.

Commanded European Invalids at Chunar

1826-1830: retired Nov. 3, 1831.

Hon. Major Nov. 28, 1854.

Thames Ditton March 18, 1862.

son of Robert Wilkins of Marston

Digott, Somerset.

no. 4. [p. 9] = Henry Grace

no. 14. [p. 46] Thomas Hardwicke.

J. H. = Maj. Gen. Sir John Haystack, K.C.B.

1751-1817. Educ. Merchant-Taylor's School

and St. John's Coll. Oxford [Fellow 1768-1771]

= Enlisted in E.I. Company's Artillery

under the name of John Rover [see p. 3]

Sailed for India in the Duke of Grafton

Apr. 1. 1772; received commission as Art.

cadet March 9. 1778 through Col. T. D. Pearce

= Third Mysore War [Seringapatam]

Siege of Pondicherry.

Second Marhatta War [Wish Lake]

Delhi, Laswari, Deig. Bhurtware.

Comd'g. Beng. Art. May 25, 1808 to



Jan. 28. 1816.

d. unm. Calcutta Apr. 20. 1817.

over

TO THE
OFFICERS OF THE
INDIAN ARMY,
ON THE
BENGAL ESTABLISHMENT,
THE FOLLOWING
P O E M S,
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

December, 1796.

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Ms. A. 9. 2. 20
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1. *Chrysomelids* (Chrysomelidae)

The King of Dahomey
Mr. Douglas
The President
The Secretary
The Treasurer
The Auditor
The Clerk

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ERRATA.

N. B. The Reader, before perusal, is requested to correct the following *Errata*:

-
- Page 18—line 5 —*for To, read So.*
 - 29—line 10—*for Mortal, read Moral.*
 - 72—line 13—*for They are exalted virtues, read,*
They are exalted for virtues.
 - 75 —line 11—*for Suavity read Harmony.*
 - 76 —line 10—*for Prevent, read Pervert.*
 - 77 —line 20—*for Stiffled, read Stilled.*
 - 89 —line 10—*for Irremediable, read Irremeable.*
 - 92 —line 2 —*for Loadstone awes, read Loadstone*
Loadstone which awes.
 - 93 —line 7 —*for Professor, read Possessor.*
 - 97 —line 8 —*for Suavity, read Melody.*

To the writer of the following Poems, no critical eye has ever pointed out where errors have occurred, or where corrections might have been made. The Reader will therefore cover each mistake "with the mantle of generosity, and hold the pen of correction running over it."



THE DEPARTURE.

Inscribed to C. R. Esq.

SMILE on each day, auspicious wat'ry pow'ers,
While your FITZWILLIAM sails for orient shores;
Attend her way, and in propitious hour,
In the expected bay her anchor moor!

IN all the pride of nautical array,
She, stately vessel, ploughs the wat'ry way;
On her fair stem Hope a mild aspect rears,
Britannia's flag high o'er her stern appears;

With big anxiety our bosoms heave,
To see where HOUGLY disembogues his wave.

THO' jarring elements at first conspir'd
To turn the vessel from the port desir'd,
Soon gentler winds propell'd, with milder skies,
To where the gold and green MADEIRA lies:
By heavy gales impair'd we rest awhile,
At this sweet, beautiful, romantic isle;
In fragrant bow'rs gay Nature pleases here,
Bestowing yellow favors on the year;
Here curling vines a sparkling wine produce,
To fill the social glafs with gen'rous juice.
Struck with its charms, reluctantly we'll run,
From this delightful garden of the sun.

ACCEPT, well natur'd R—, nor e'er refuse
The soft epistles of the tender muse;
Ev'n Learning's brightest son * has deign'd to raise,
Her soul to glory by a gen'rous praise;
HIBERNIA's haughty fair have softly spread,
The western roses on her favour'd head,

O! NEVER, never may the wat'ry pow'rs,
 Shew a sad visage in portending show'rs;
 May Heav'ns expanse be favourable seen,
 And all the glories from the blue serene!
 May no fierce Eurys on our way arise,
 And roar tempestuous thro' th' inclement skies;
 But Zephyrs mild, or ev'ry fav'ring gale,
 Propel with constant blast the bellying sail,

* WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq. of Eartham, near Chichester; the greatest poet, and most enlightened writer of the living world, is here alluded to. The Author of this volume, struck with the beauty of his writings, conceived an enthusiastic desire of having a sight of so great a man; and left his country with that sole intention, but was disappointed;—Mr. Hayley being abroad. — This extraordinary journey among strangers, led him into innumerable extravagant irregularities, which hastened his ruin, as being then too young to guard against the allurements of folly; it also drew on him the frowns of maternal displeasure.

The writer of the following poems formerly published a few copies of a trifling poetical pamphlet, with a dedication to Mr. Hayley, who in consequence sent him the following letter.

SIR,

There is a warm sincerity in the praises of youth, which tho' we are conscious they exceed our merit, still render them pleasing to an ingenuous mind: allow me, therefore, to return you thanks for the elegant little volume which I have just received, and for the various compliments which your partial enthusiasm has so liberally bestowed on, Sir,

Your highly flattered
 and obedient servant,

Eartham, 25th Aug. 1783.

W. HAYLEY.

'Till that wish'd hour we reach the destin'd land,
Where brave CORNWALLIS holds the great command.

Written in 1790, on board the }
Fitzwilliam East Indiaman. }

THE ARRIVAL.

Inscribed to C. R. Esq.

Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis.

BUT Æther now the mildest form assumes,
Behold the fortunate FITZWILLIAM comes!
Yon eastern sky how glorious to behold,
Befring'd with pink and parti-colour'd gold:
The haven shines luxuriantly bright,
In all the dazzling majesty of light:
Perhaps our care by Pow'r Supreme was giv'n,
To some kind angel of the choir of Heav'n.

Low'ring no more the joyous day appears,
Nor dull the glories of the starry spheres,

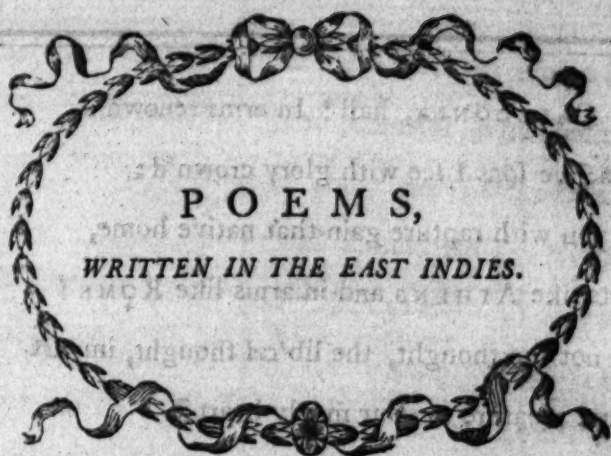
No strife aerial now—no hostile strand,
Since we past AFRICA'S extremest land.

BUT ev'ry toil and ev'ry peril o'er,
Prepare the anchor, lo! the destin'd shore :
Now angry seas and wint'ry seasons past,
ON INDIA'S smiling land we'll tread at last.
Where sweet imbow'r'd beneath the cooling shade,
I'll tell my story to some soothing maid ;
Tell what I've ponder'd when I studious lay,
Screen'd by your awning from the solar ray ;
Or sadly tell, with penitential strife,
The great mistakes in my misguided life.

HEAR, R—, and with a pleas'd attention hear,
Poetic wishes, yet not insincere ;
When future age your head shall silver o'er,
May you be happy in Contentment's bow'r ;
Then, may you then, from ev'ry business free,
Breathe the pure air near your paternal DEE ;
May you return and kiss the sacred earth,
Which gave the hoary-headed ELLIOT birth.

Hail, CALEDONIA, hail ! In arms renown'd,
 Thy active sons I see with glory crown'd :
 May you with rapture gain that native home,
 In arts like ATHENS and in arms like ROME !
 Does not the thought, the lib'ral thought, impart
 Extatic pleasure to your manly heart ?
 Does not pure joy, while you the verse repeat,
 Thro' all your pulses rapturously beat ?
 Yes, yes, your soul consenting must approve,
 And to your country's honor shew your love.

Written in 1790, on board the
 Fitzwilliam East Indiaman. }



TO HIS EXCELLENCY
CHARLES MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

EACH hero fam'd in arms in ancient days,
Inspir'd with harmony the Poet's lays;
Th' enraptur'd bard wou'd pompously rehearse,
His acts in all the dignity of verse:
The glowing youth who sought immortal fame,
Perus'd, admir'd, and felt congenial flame.

HAIL to that land which many heroes gave,
The land of freedom, nurturing the brave!
Imperial BRITAIN, whose delightful earth,
Has giv'n distinguishable worthies birth.

Go you, my Lord, now laurel-crown'd, and join
The far fam'd, splendid, long illustrious line,
You who stood firm, when Tyranny from far,
Collected all her sumless sons to war;
Not barb'rous foes to hostile fury giv'n,
Not thund'ring guns which shake the arch of Heav'n,
Not TIPPOO's full battalions in array,
Nor his intrepid face, cou'd you dismay.

'Tis yours, my Lord, to know an happy life,
Remov'd from courtly noise and party strife:
Here your mild sway displays an honest mind,
Confederate, active, prudent and refin'd;
Applause is yours—you hold with cautious care,
The scales of Justice and the sword of War:
In ev'ry state alike you've shone and shine,
Or in the Civil Chair or Martial Line.

THOUGH mean I am, and simple is my word,
I'd show'r no praises on a booby Lord;
Nor can my soul in abject silence bear,
To see the idiot with a silver star;

But high in Glory's fane your name is laid,
 Illustrious topic for th' immortal maid.

ENCHANTING Poesy, whose syren charms,
 Still draws me to her with a lover's arms :
 'Tho' this pernicious fair took me by stealth,
 Ev'n in my childhood, from the road to wealth,
 Yet when she smil'd, I found a secret joy,
 Severe calamity cou'd ne'er destroy.

WHEN you've hereafter to the shades retir'd,
 Peruse the verses which your deeds inspir'd.

DUM - DUM.

TO CAPTAIN G—.

1790.

WHERE EUROPE's sons on Asiatic plains,
 Experience pleasure's annual campaigns,
 The Muse now treads, and cries in lofty sound,
 DUM-DUM as martial, be poetic ground !

WHEN morning first appears in rosy dawn,
How bright and beautiful your splendid lawn ;
Your level green can pompously display,
BENGALLA's army standing in array :
With martial pride here her artillery shines,
In files, divisions and embattled lines ;
And learns to curb, still borne on Conquest's wings,
The boundless hopes of tyrannizing kings.

FAIN wou'd I sing the country's rural praise,
Shou'd you, accomplish'd G——, attend the lays,
Shou'd you repeat the poet's easy verse,
In the still seat of your departed PEARSE, *
You who can play th' enamour'd lover's part,
With all the softness of ITALIA's art :
Or tread in measur'd rounds the sportive dance,
With all the polish'd elegance of FRANCE ;
Or pay the due devoir to Beauty's pow'rs,
Such, all accomplish'd G——, such praise is yours.

* The late beloved commandant of artillery, Col. Thomas Deane Pearse.

Surrounding villas and imbow'ring greens,
 Delight the eye with variegated scenes;
 Here the close grove—Idolatry's abode—
 There the tall trees where milky cocoës nod;
 Here the smooth pond, to which the finny breed,
 Draw the poor INDIAN with the dancing reed,
 There the spread aspens quavering in the breeze,
 Here the most radiant garden summer sees!

How happy he, who in such blissful bow'rs,
 Can pass in sweet content the studious hours;
 Far, far retir'd from a *distracted* state,
 Far from the bustle of the crazy great,
 Who when fair Learning's purer joys invite,
 Can o'er the page of HAYLEY find delight;
 He seeks no weak'ning couch to loll away,
 In stupid indolence the lazy day,
 While crouching vassals with officious care,
 By turning punkas force unwholesome air:
 He nor the pomp of slothful IND assumes,
 The hucca smoaking fragrant with perfumes,

Nor on the soft, luxurious carpet laid,
 Calls for entrancing opium's soothing aid :
 Forc'd joys but transitory bliss impart,
 They merely please, but never glad the heart.

WHEN * DOWLA, by immortal glory fir'd,
 To conquer BRITAIN's hardy sons aspir'd,
 To these sweet plains, the nursery of war,
 He led in full array his troops from far;
 'Till CLIVE advanc'd amid the dire alarms,
 Then half his thousands felt our conq'ring arms.
 Fain wou'd I sing the softer song of peace,
 In easy numbers to the ear of —,
 But awful shades † of murder'd victims rise,
 Or seem to skim before my wond'ring eyes !
 Thrice forty patriot men—a martyr'd band,
 Drove to destruction by a vile command,
 Who in the gloom of smothering dungeons laid,
 Implor'd th' implacable SURAJAH's aid;

* SURAJAH DOWLA, Soubah of Bengal, Bahar and Orissa.
 † Alluding to the suffocation of the people, in the Black Hole at Calcutta, on the night of the 20th of January 1756, so affectingly described by Mr. Holwell.—Of one hundred and fifty six persons, one hundred and twenty three perished.

But deaf to misery's expiring pray'r,
 He stopp'd Heav'n's common benefit, the air;
 Infan'd by thirst and agoniz'd at heart—
 I see their eyes from their lank sockets start!
 To monstrous bosoms soft entreaty's vain,
 They fell in struggles of convulsive pain;
 Who on that day schemes for the future laid,
 Slept the successive in eternal shade,

BUT soon that bloody Prince was doom'd to feel
 Th' avenging force of our superior steel:
 Vanquish'd, he heard an English Chief's decrees,
 Where PLASSEY shews her hundred thousand trees,
 There CLIVE victorious march'd from war's alarms,
 And grav'd on adamant a triple arms:
 A grateful nation bowing to his fame,
 Ennobled him with crimson PLASSEY's name.

HERE glory reign'd, nor will she cease to reign,
 While you, O sons of thunder! tread the plain.
 Shou'd faithless pow'rs again our rights invade,
 And future time require your potent aid,

Then will you fight, in dazzling trophies drefs'd
With ENGLAND's lion, * rampant, on the breast;
Then will you deal the death-destroying wound,
And fell opposing warriors with the ground;
But if th' eternal destiny's decreed,
That on the plains of red yourselves shou'd bleed,
That in your country's cause you shou'd expire,
Hereafter heroes will your names admire.

WHILE EUROPE's sons here exercise in arms,
My soul, a field of softer glory, charms;
Let them of dread artillery know the rule,
Let me be pupil in a gentler school;
Be theirs the just retreat—the brave advance,
Be mine the maiden's smile, and fide-long glance;
Let them mid pomp of glitt'ring armies move,
Let me, mid peaceful shades and social love:
To me, kind Heav'n, let lovely peace be sent,
The source—the parent of divine content.

* The Company's crest.

WHEN the returning fun, in fierce extremes,
 Darts on the naked INDIAN furious flames ;
 When tow'rs our CANCER he shall quickly move,
 And force the sable race to court the grove ;
 When his bright rays no other zone adorn,
 When, he nor burns in distant CAPRICORN,
 Nor drinks the water of the southern sea,
 Nor to the HOTTENTOT gives furious day,
 Then shall we leave this sweet salubrious plain,
 And talk of battles in the fort again ;
 To quit DUM-DUM then must our bands prepare,
 The school of glory, MONTAGUE, and war.

THE HALSEWELL,
 INSCRIBED TO THE
 HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRGIL,

OBSERVATION.

The following little poem is founded on the melancholy and well known fate of the Halsewell East India-man; which was wrecked at Seacombe; in the Isle of Purbeck, on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the morning

of Friday the 6th of January, 1786.—I am indebted for my information of this unhappy event to the circumstantial narrative, published under the authority of Mr. Meriton and Mr. Rogers, the two surviving officers, who escaped the dreadful catastrophe.

Richard Peirce, commanded; a man whose character, we are told, is beyond eulogium.—The passengers were Miss Eliza and Miss Mary Anne Peirce, daughters of the captain, four other young ladies, together with John George Schutz, Esq. a gentleman returning to Asia, to remove some difficulties arising from the collecting of his Eastern fortune. London 1789.

CALM was the morn, the face of Nature gay,
 When beauteous HALSEWELL cut the wat'ry way;
 With sheets unfurl'd, behold her smoothly sail,
 Before the breathing of the gentle gale;
 Her lovely passengers delighted stand,
 To take a last farewell of British land.
 "ALBION farewell, till prosp'rous gales restore
 "Returning HALSEWELL to her native shore!"
 So sung ELIZA, and the silver tongue
 Of MARIANNA, sweeter made the song;
 Enchanting airs and music's soothing sound,
 Charm'd all the happy company around;

On the soft flute SCHUTZ play'd, of love, the care,
While softer fingers touch'd the strung guittar :
The Chief himself instructive talk address'd,
And told the splendor of the pompous east,
In the gay joys of narrative delight,
They pass'd each happy day and social night :
Light tripp'd the golden hours—but future harms
Foreboding clouds declar'd from gathering storms.

Six days elaps'd—the threat'ning Hea'vns assume
An awful horror and terrific gloom :
To foaming billows swells the peaceful sea,
No more the puffins on the surface play.
Now high in air is beauteous HALSEWELL tofs'd,
Now in the furies for a moment lost ;
And now her stern is to their fury giv'n,
And lo ! her shaking stem ascends to Heav'n.
With lab'ring rent, her pitchy seams divide,
The angry waters gush thro' either side ;
Nor are the pumps with all th' exerted force
Of brawny seamen, equal to their course ;

The tott'ring mast is cut with anxious toil,
To save the found'ring vessel yet awhile—
It dreadful fell—a soul-affecting sight,
And sunk five able hands in shades of night,
So Heav'n's eternal will'd—what can be done,
What can avail the skill of NEPTUNE's son,
When angry winds the blue expanse deform,
And burst the wat'ry world amid the storm?
With tragic eloquence that pen is blest'd
Can paint the struggles tearing PIERCE's breast,
When, painful to relate, a dreadful shock,
Proclaim'd the gaping HALSEWELL on a rock,
Paternal fears—But what cou'd then impart
The balm of comfort to his children's heart?
Two lovely daughters, form'd by Heav'n to please,
With unaffected elegance and ease,
Grac'd with th' alluring, mild, unstudied charms,
Which fills ev'n martial souls with soft alarms;
Both maids, alternately, were gently press'd,
In silent anguish to his feeling breast;
To meditation then their minds were giv'n,
While his imploring hands were stretch'd to Heav'n,

His steady look—each pity trembling tear,
The still interpreters of woe sincere,
Which down his cheeks in manly anguish stole,
Proclaim'd the sorrows of his bursting soul :
Not for himself was any real care,
Not for himself fell the heart-rending tear—
Ah! he'd have giv'n to God the life he gave,
To save his darlings from their wat'ry grave!
But vain each wish, and ev'ry care how vain,
Devoted victims to the raging main :
The ship afunder burst—what doleful cries,
Arose and murmur'd to the vaulted skies ;
But soon the lamentable sound was o'er,
Loft in the howlings of the tempest's roar:
The helpless females violently were tofs'd,
On the destruction of the stony coast:—
A mangled corse the fair ELIZA lay,
And MARY'S smiles and dimples died that day.
More charming girls ne'er caught ATRIDES eye,
Amid the captive maids of Heav'n-built Troy.
Lamented SCHUTZ immers'd the waves beneath,
And thrice arising felt the hand of death,

Good PEIRCE for life no struggling efforts made,
But with his children fought th' Elysian shade :
Some few, behold, with Heav'n's assistance, brave
Th' oppressive rolling of each pow'rful wave—
A melancholy few—left to relate
Of hapless merit, the disastrous fate ;
With pensive step, and slow, they sadly bear
The dismal tidings to the public ear.

YE who transfer the wealth from orient shores,
Who load the Thames with India's passing stores,
Who turn'd on golden realms th' exploring eye,
And rais'd thy glories, COMMERCE ! to the sky ;
Who gave, when summer burn'd, the light array,
And sooth'd the bard with CHINA's fragrant tea,
Say ! for your PIERCE cou'd I the verse prolong,
Say ! wou'd ye hear the lamentable song ?

AND SEWARD heard his fate, yet ceas'd to mourn,
Who wept, unhappy ANDRE ! o'er thy urn,
And did the elegies for COOK rehearse,
Yet leave thy death unsung, lamented PIERCE !

YES, purest spirit, such misfortunes claim
The sad memorial of recording Fame;
While ENGLAND'S flag rules sov'reign of the sea,
So long immortal shall their mem'ry be.
In the distressful hour of death we find,
The tend'rest thoughts in his paternal mind;
That trying hour in which we rightly scan,
Deception's veil aside, the heart of man.
Come, form the urn, ye weeping Virtues, come!
Come, rosy Beauty, deck with flow'rs the tomb!
Come ye, by arts or arms illustrious made,
Pour pious sorrows for th' untimely dead!
To this fond fire shall future blifs be giv'n,
If GOD inhabits Empyrean Heav'n.

MAY BRITAIN'S navy still triumphant ride,
And whirl war's thunder thro' th' ærial void,
From GAUL'S aspiring sons due homage draw,
And keep each nation of the world in awe.
May your commercial ships meet fav'ring gales—
May a soft pressure fill th' extending sails—

May they from rocks and dire destruction steer—
Nor, like your HALSEWELL, force the trembling tear!

THE PROSPECT.

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE WAR WITH TIPPOO.

Inscribed to _____

I 7 9 0.

FORGIVE the gentle Muse of simple pow'r,
Perhaps intruding on your private hour;
Well pleas'd, if she her hop'd reception find,
A fair approval in your lib'ral mind;
If while her lips with holy warmth apply'd,
Salutes the spot where **DEARE** and **MOORHOUSE** died,
She aims with zeal and feeling to relate,
Her boding wishes for a tyrant's fate;
Thrice pleas'd if you,—she asks no other fame,
Excuse her errors, and approve her theme.

Soon in the pomp of terrible array,
Shall yon vast armies move their heavy way,

Beneath BRITANNIA's standard proud to join,
In justice' cause, the deep embattled line.

FROM where CAMBAYA's ever verdant side,
Ingulphs the TEPTA and NARBUDDAH's tide,
To COMORIN's Cape, the men of MALABAR,
In proud array move forth to seek the war,
While COROMANDEL's num'rous sons convene,
To fill the glories of the mighty scene.

O GLORIOUS pomp! with joy my eye surveys,
The columns lengthen, and the armour blaze,
The glitt'ring helm of INDIA's burnish'd gold,
The polish'd steel of BRITAIN's hardier mold;
The firm battalion—wide recursive horse,
Move on with dignity and sure impressive force.

Too long hath tyranny, with iron hand,
Imperious rul'd the MYSOREAN land!
Too long her monarch, once supremely great,
In bondage held, depriv'd of pow'r and state,

In annual triumph mournfully displays,
Th' imperial pageant of three festive days !

At length on TIRPOO see the fates impend,
And all his glories hast'ning to an end !
That boasted pow'r, so long HINDOSTAN'S shame,
No longer lives in his terrific name ;
While vengeful Justice lends her pow'rful hand,
To scourge the tyrant and to free the land ;
Her rightful monarch to his throne restore,
And make him great and happy as before,

GENIUS of BRITAIN ! whose auspicious pow'r,
On worlds remote, on ev'ry distant shore,
Bestow'ft the blessings of thy fost'ring name.
And bind'ft rude nations in the link of fame,
Alike to emulate the glorying strife,
Or court the arts of humanizing life.

SOON shall oppression lift her stubborn head,
And ruthless Tyrants number with the dead,

And 'venging War, which now erects his crest,
Restore HINDOSTAN to primæval rest;
Then shall fair FREEDOM bless the happy land,
And SCIENCE flourish 'neath her genial hand,
PEACE know no foe, the ARTS meet no controul,
But BRITISH knowledge warm the INDIAN soul;
The sons of BRAHMA then, with pious care,
Their high pagodas shall securely rear;
By her protected and by her refin'd,
Shall BRITAIN'S name in BRAHMA'S pray'r be join'd,
Enlighten'd EUROPE then amaz'd shall see,
Old ASIA'S kings to EUROPE'S bend the knee,
Proud of her sway dependantly allied,
And take her delegated pow'r with pride.

THE wish'd prediction of the Muse attend,
Fain wou'd she please, nor ever more offend;
Tho' now perplex'd in this terrestrial strife,
She *was* no stranger to the joys of life;
But lur'd by Folly's wide inspiring breath,
She found her ruin in thy pomp, O BATH!

Undegenerate still she entertains,
 A kindling fervor in her throbbing veins,
 BAHADER's fall,—The Victory in view,
 With ev'ry bright success she'll sing for You.

MAGDALENA.

1790.

THE meretricious fair who heaves

A penitential sigh,
 Shews beautiful ev'n to her God,
 And Mercy wipes her eye.

Fair MAGDALENA, if you lift

Your sorrowing hands to Heav'n,
 By HIM who sits enthron'd on high,
 Indeed you 'll be forgiv'n.

Inflam'd with illicit desire,
 The gay young HENRY came,

And softly whisper'd pangs and joys

From love's consuming flame,

Too lovely experienc'd maid,

So beautiful and young,

You heard, believ'd, and were ensnar'd,

By a deceiver's tongue.

Lur'd from an aged father's arms,

The best of fathers he,

And from your little sisters lur'd,

Supreme of infamy,

An outcast on the heedless world,

Abandon'd and alone,

Th' ungen'rous youth avoids you now,

By whom you were undone.

Wish not for charms, ye easy maids,

That all perfection o'er,

Which ruin'd this as lovely fair,

As ROSAMOND OF SHORE.

Without the more attractive charms,
Attain'd in virtue's road,
Which raise you to the heights of bliss,

THE PRESENCE OF YOUR GOD.

The Summer Rose upon your cheek,
The lustre of your eye,
Will perish like that beauteous flow'r,
And in a season die.

But AGE nor SEASON can't destroy,
Virtue's eternal bloom,
The glorious prospect you enjoy

OF OTHER WORLDS TO COME.

EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM JONES,

WRITTEN TO HIM

DURING THE LATE WAR WITH TIPPOO.

1790.

THO' haughty pow'rs against us turn their rage,
 Let not the fate of war your mind engage,
 Be from your bosom such ideas far,
 To vet'ran MEADOWS leave the cares of war;
 But ah! to Persian lore devote the hour,
 You Lord in Poesy's inspiring bow'r;
 KHAKANI's thoughts t' admiring ears express,
 Or your lov'd HAFIZ bring in English dress:
 With KHOOSRU sing how gentle pangs t' assuage,
 And trace pure SADI thro' his mortal page;
 But if fatigu'd in this too tender field,
 Then seek the joys GILLALIDEN can yield,
 With ATTAR join in philosophic taste,
 Th' enlighten'd ROCHFouCALT of half the East:

Their daring works to justly understand,
I'd give thy wealth, O golden SAMERCAND !

LET some with study'd grace allure the fair,
Some in gilt palanquins to routs repair,
Let some, more proud, spread Folly's painted wings,
And ape the bright magnificence of kings;
Let some with slaves the public walks parade,
In ASIA's shewy pageantry array'd,
While you with noblest thoughts improve the heart,
And your reflections to the world impart;
Of the Sun's bards unfold the lofty rhyme,
Which swells the bosom with divine sublime.
The high expression of whose mighty verse,
Wou'd best the glories of the GOD rehearse.

OR sing the rosy bow'rs of MOSELLAY,
Where PERSIA's youths pass'd tender hours away ;
Ah ! sweetly social make the fragrant shade,
With a mild, beautiful CIRCASSIAN maid,
For whom the birds of wondrous plumage sing,
For whom sits Nature in eternal spring,

For whom the mango comes of luscious taste;
Our fav'rite fruit in the luxurious East:
Let Love's pure care her ev'ry hour employ—
Let her heart heave with plenitude of joy—
Let such an angel cause the soft alarm
And then no tales of CASSIMERE can charm.
Let the sweet maid in your fair page appear,
And tune the polish'd note to BEAUTY's ear.

OR, if your soul to soft-ey'd Pity giv'n,
Melts with th' affection of your kindred Heav'n,
Since of each orphan child you stop the cry,
Wipe the big tear from MAGDALENA's eye.

To us what joy can jarring armies yield,
Or levell'd cities, or th' enfanguin'd field,
Or sack'd Pagodas, or the plunder'd fanes,
Or Indians gasping on their native plains,
Or pillag'd wealth from HYDER's lov'd abodes,
Or ranfack'd ornaments from idol gods?
The spoils of war no real joys can give,
'Tis POESY's soothing voice that makes us live.

With her I left my home in hapless hour,
 And felt of diff'rent climes th' unequal pow'r:
 With her thro' either tropic have I gone,
 And burnt beneath an equinoctial sun;
 Refin'd EUROPA's fatal pomp she's shewn;
 And AFRIC's sooty race to me made known;
 With her I rov'd the sunny wilds among,
 When brown-hair'd GANGA only heard my song;
 Retir'd to contemplate at her command,
 With your immortal tablets in my hand.
 Th' enthusiast I, of that enchanting art,
 Which charms and steals away the human heart.

THE MANGO.

1793.

FAV'RITE tree, beneath thy shade,
 I've oft in contemplation staid,
 Thy shining foliage to behold,
 When April shew'd his face in gold!

Thy luscious fruit's admir'd—the best

Which ripens in the rosy East ;

By elegance the most ador'd,

Of all the viands on the board :

Whose juices in soft sweetness run,

When mellow'd by it's parent sun ;

When he transforms the infant green,

Then thou'rt in fragrant yellow seen.

Delicious tree ! thy umbrage broad,

On me a cooling bower bestow'd,

Delighted as I've sat, the dove

Eoo'd tales of tenderness above.

And I've the skipping squirrel view'd,

Despoil thy loaded branch for food ;

His back of party-coloured dye—

Like glossy jet his shining eye.

Purg'd by thy pow'r, the noxious blood,

Flows in our veins a purer flood ;

A soul invigorating stream,
Salubrious to the human frame.

Befide thee zealous Indians raise
The rev'rend fane to BRAHMAH's praise,
And pour their fervent souls in pray'r,
To all his painted figures there.

At meditation's holy hour,
Still may I know thy fav'rite bow'r,
Creation's wonders ponder o'er,
And God, my higher God adore !

WILLIAM AND MARIA.

To W. H. V. Esq.

1793.

FROM Indian climes—Ah ! wherefore did I roam ?
My frequent numbers fondly turn to home.
O ! you, accept my weak and partial lays,
Best lov'd companion of my early days !

Thrice happy time ! the paths bestrew'd with flow'rs,
When joy and sport beguil'd our April hours ;
When by the margin of the rippling brook,
With wily art we trimm'd the gaudy hook !
Thrice happy time ! when with destructive aim,
The little fowlers mark'd the flutt'ring game.
And, crown'd with spoil, clos'd the fine gladsome day,
With strains of love, or converse ever gay ;
When' midst the covert forming guileful snares,
For the brown linnet were our chiefest cares ;
Or when bleak winter shew'd his surly face,
With our young comrades of the playful race,
We cheated many a tedious hour from school,
In lightly skaiting LANGFORD's frozen pool.
Thrice happy time ! of innocence and mirth,
When ign'rant of the villainies on earth,

FAREWELL ! farewell ! ye hours unknown to strife !
Farewell ! farewell ! that gilded morn of life !
A pleasing dream the retrospect appears,
Which forms sad contrast with my latter years ;

But childhood's pleasing vision flitted o'er,
Man views that blissful state he'll know no more !

In that soft season of light joy, 'twas then,
Ere yet the youths had ripen'd into men,
We oft had view'd, when courting evening's breeze,
Sweet ALTAVILLA peeping thro' the trees,
And prais'd the hill array'd in lively green !
Where the straw thatch and white-wash'd wall were seen ;
Where once MARIA, in life's early stage,
Smooth'd the lorn bed of slowly tott'ring age ;
Her mother yet respir'd a feeble breath,
Her sire long slumber'd in the shades of death !
And next to GOD, attentive cares were paid,
To that lone mother by the duteous maid,
Haply too fair—for Heav'n had blest'd her mind,
With sense superior to the rich refin'd ;
Her form by Nature's nicest hand was fram'd,
Unmark'd by fashion, free and unconstrain'd,
The kindred graces sweet deportment prov'd,
And all who saw, or reverenc'd her, or lov'd,

SUCH was Maria in her bloomy state,
'Till beauty's dreaded *tyrant fix'd her fate,
First plough'd the crimson on her lovely face,
Then wrap'd her peerless form in death's embrace,
You, feeling friend, but with consoling care,
Brought the heart-rending news to WILLIAM's ear;
Like the fleet antelope his way he took,
Where ALTAVILLA overlook'd the brook,
While she, sweet maid, lamented as admir'd,
Had in extremity of pain expir'd,

HAVE we not both the solemn church-yard trod,
To place that clay-cold maid beneath the sod,
Supported WILLIAM in the torch-light gloom,
Where Virtue's reliques grace the humble tomb;
Forgive the Muse, she feels a pleasing pain,
To call the sad remembrance o'er again.

HAVE we not seen distracted WILLIAM mourn,
A real pilgrim at her early urn,

* The small pox.

The piercing cold of fullen winter brave,
When the tall verdure whiten'd round her grave.
Depress'd with woes extreme, he pour'd forth cries,
Two tedious moons, with sorrow-streaming eyes;
The third, (for friendship can't such pangs remove,)
He fell the martyr of unhappy love.

To you, my friend, from INDIA's sickly climes,
O'er a vast wat'ry world I send these rhymes,
Which try again your pitying heart to move,
At poor MARIA's fate and WILLIAM's love,

How sweet it seems (so sweet ah! were my strain!)
To lead remembrance back to sense of pain.

THE CONTRAST.

1793.

WHERE BENARES ON GANGES' smiling side,
Stupendous temples shews in idol pride ;
Where, AURENGZEBE, * thy minarets tow'r on high,
And their exalted tops hide in the sky ;
Where HINDOO priests, in holy vestments dress'd,
Rule o'er this far-fam'd OXFORD of the East ;
These eyes beheld a lovely female race ;
Possess'd of all th' enchanting pow'r of face ;
Tho' on their necks EUROPA'S snow's not seen,
Tho' climate deep embrowns their darker skin,
Their full black eyes awake such soft alarms,
We gaze, enraptur'd, on their native charms.

* Mr. Hastings says, " Aurengzebe has effectually displayed to posterity, the power and sovereignty he exercised at Benares, by a magnificent mosque which he erected on the site (and even admitted into his plan a considerable part of the edifice,) of an ancient superb Hindoo temple."--This mosque continues perfect to this day, and with its high bounding minarets (which he also erected) overlooks the whole city.

DAUGHTERS of IND! severe your lot appears,
Spent in one narrow space your bloomy years,
Mild by fashion, only learn'd to yield
To Pleasure's mandate in her flow'ry field;
Immur'd obedient at the lordly call,
Within a soft Zenana's guarded wall.
Watch'd by Suspicion's ever glancing eye,
In gay alcoves th' imprison'd beauties lie,
And pine in pomp—light silks their limbs enfold;
For them DAMASCUS weaves the rose in gold;
For them the camel, patient trav'ller, brought
Great RUSTUM's deeds in Persian tapestry wrought,
To them HINDOSTAN's fertile empire pours,
From DELHI's crowded gates, luxurious stores;
But ah! what pleasure can such splendor give?
They live in costly wretchedness!—They live
Like cag'd canaries, never to be free,
Nor never know the sweets of liberty.

HAIL to the fair of that delightful land,
Where lib'ral sentiments the soul expand;

Where no hir'd guards within the portals lie,
To watch their mistress with Suspicion's eye:
Avaunt, thou haggard Jealousy! thou pest,
Begot of old in the mistrustful East;
Still hold thy rule to everlasting time,
Far, very far from ENGLAND's happier clime!
Deep fiend of Hell, thou tear'st the human heart,
Thou wound'st affection in the tend'rest part,
Thou overturn'st where long form'd Concord stood,
Thou bath'st thy wither'd hands in human blood,
Thou partest those long join'd by Friendship's name,
Ev'n spotless Chastity thou dar'st defame.

YE blooming maids of BRITAIN's gen'rous land,
The fairest work of GOD's almighty hand,
At your soft shrine the pow'rful lords I see,
Of each more haughty empire bend the knee;
To you, nor false my filial song, is giv'n,
The truest likeness of your parent Heav'n.

ENJOY the blessings your mild country brings,
For Beauty's fetter'd where the poet sings:

As fun'ral lamps enlighten but the tomb,
Here Beauty only shines within one dome.
Poor cloyster'd souls ! whose speaking eyes engage,
In youth they pine, and fade in early age,
Tho' with each grace of person form'd to move
My easy bosom to harmonious love,
They live, untaught by reason's purer light,
In darkness deeper than monastic night.

How happy they not born that sway beneath,
Where an imperial look gives life or death ;
Where merciless slaves at the supreme command,
Oppress the poor and desolate the land.
Barbarian maxims---Tyranny's black pow'r
Have run this too unwieldy Empire o'er :
Here jarring princes fight in dire array,
Quotidian battles for provincial sway,
And rend, Hindostan thy dismember'd frame,
Thou, GREAT MOGUL ! but bear'st that mighty name,
Ah ! may I live where Freedom holds her reign,
In the mild islands of the western main,

With whose applause admiring nations ring ;

Ah ! may I live beneath an **ENGLISH KING**.

ODE TO BENARES.

CITY belov'd ! to thee I cheerful pay,

In votive verse the tributary lay.

To **CRISHNA**, with the golden colour'd hair,

For ever will thy sacred name be dear.

Each lovely grace and polish'd art is thine,

Eternal mansion of the **GOPIA** nine.

Dearer to them than all the gaudy flow'rs,

Which eyes poetic see round **MATRA**'s bow'rs.

Retir'd within thy dark cathedral shades,

The rev'rend Pundits read the holy **Beids**.

And learn man's erring race how to be good,

And ne'er pollute themselves with harmless blood.

Since Nature, promptly pleas'd, requires no more,

Than the green garden's vegetable store.

The consecrated ox's honour'd neck,

Here **BRAMINS** pure with **Tulsey** twin'd bedeck.

For not a sacrilegious hand has pow'r,
 To stain the knife in his forbidden gore,
 O patient Ox, thro' thy diurnal toil,
 The harvest ripens beneath Lecshmy's* smile.
 Thus once in LEARNING's primitive abode,
 Divine EGYPTIA, APIS own'd a God:
 Here pious maids, in GANGA's silver wave,
 Perform the Poojah and their bodies lave,
 And ope, whene'er the rosy day's begun,
 Their tender bosoms to the rising sun.†
 When their bright eyes his radiance first behold,
 They bow before the glory beaming gold.
 Light floating robes on their soft forms appear,
 Bela's strung flow'rs adorn their knotted hair.
 Bela, § whose yellow tinctur'd blooms present,
 Sweets to the sight and fragrance to the scent.
 The dimpled GOPIA beauteous flow'rs approve,
 Emblems of pleasure, innocence and love.

* Lecshmy--the Indian Ceres.

† Abul Fazel says, the Hindoos in all their prayers, implore blessings of the Sun.

§ Bela--of this fragrant and beautiful species of Jasminum, the Hindoos form the *Mala*s or chaplets which they ornament themselves with, at the time of bathing and devotion.

O Sun, for thee in MONTEZUMA's days,
PERUVIAN virgins chaunted hymns of praise,
Supernal majesty of beamy light,
Whose heavenly glories give the world delight.
We who thy renovated splendors see,
Give laud to thee, and to THE GOD OF THEE!
O venerable seat of BRAHMA's pow'r,
SERSHUTTA's * chosen academic bow'r,
Grateful for ever art thou to her sight,
Not even METHILLA† gives her more delight.
In thee may moral bards hereafter rise,
Whose tow'ring names shall reach the lofty skies,
May they inspired, to wond'ring worlds rehearse,
Sublime MAHABARET's in epic verse,
And ne'er may'st thou, of arts th' eternal school,
Know the proud MUSSULMAN's imperious rule.
Till Time expires, may Britain's fostering hand,
Exalt thy glories, and thy fame expand.

* Sershutta—the patroness of literature, or the Indian Minerva.

† Methilla—a renowned seat of learned Brahmins on the borders of the Benares Zemindary.

Brighter, still brighter be, beneath her pow'r,

O SPLENDID SEAT of ORIENTAL LORE!

THE BATTLE OF BEETORAH,

Inscribed to Captain H—.

1794.

OBSERVATION.

THIS battle, in which the Rohillas were defeated, was fought near Beetorah, between them, under Gholaum Mahomed, and the Company's troops, in behalf of the Vizier Asoph ul Dowla, on Sunday, the 26th October, 1794.

NOT in thy realms alone, disastrous FRANCE!

With sanguine steps, does horrid war advance,

Thro' ev'ry clime his pow'rful influence runs,

We see him now 'mid INDIA's softer sons.

WHERE the ROHILLA race (a fertile land)

For eighteen Lustres held the chief command,

Where DAOOD KHAN with wand'ring ARGANS came,

And form'd the state of the ROHILLA name,

A pow'r arose—a desp'rate daring pow'r,

Strangers to fear in peril's awful hour:

Stiff tribes of OMAR's sect, expert in arms,
Who drove the milder HINDOOS from their farms :

TWICE have they tried, with innate courage proud,
To shake the musnud of the PRINCE OF OUDE,
How vain such hopes! th' impenetrable shield,
Held up by BRITAIN's arm their force repell'd.
Ere did they bow on CUTTERA's purple plain,
To conq'ring CHAMPION, their brave * RHAMUT slain;
Ev'n now they mourn in extacy of grief,
Th' improsp'rous battle and their captive Chief,
Inhuman Chief! to gain supreme command,
Fraternal blood imbru'd your impious hand;
But sov'reign Justice gave the awful word,
And rais'd aloft her interposing sword.
By furious homicides all pow'r's defy'd,
Ev'n ASOPH's dar'd, with BRITONS at his side!

FOR YOU, the bard will battles past rehearse,
And form the record in historic verse,

* Hafiz Rhamut, the great leader in the first Rohilla war,
—Colonel Champion defeated him at Cuttera, in the decisive
battle of St. George.

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—Colonel Champion defeated him at Cuttera, in the decisive
battle of St. George.

That day, in arms, he trod the smoaking plain,
But wept, when lay, like hecatombs, the slain:
Know, VERSE and FEELING are not far apart,
There's nothing softer—BUT A WOMAN'S HEART.
To LOVE and WAR in ev'ry polish'd clime,
The harp's attemper'd by the sons of rhyme.

IMAGINATION! turn your eagle eyes,
Beyond where BRELLY's spiry tow'rs arise—
BRELLY, who heard th' alarm with pallid look,
While her new temples to their basis shook.

How loud the noisy Naggars bet to arms,
As the grim warrior tribes advanc'd in swarms;
We, BRITONS, saw th' imbodied horsemen join,
On either flank their thick embattled line;
GHOLAUM himself, intrepid Chief, appear'd,
Assuring conquest and a meet reward.
On yonder elephant he goes, behold,
Where the bright scarlet shines emboss'd with gold!
His tissu'd vestments glare as he rides on!
His lofty Houda glitters in the Sun!

With self conceit and confidence impress'd,
His enterprizing men he thus address'd :
" Let us from Indian climes their name efface,
" Nor spare a soul of yon detested race."
" Yon alien race, whom now your eyes explore,
" Youths ! laid your fathers in their smoking gore !
" Once by their arms our martial bands were slain,
" A feast for vultures on the reeking plain.
" Let big revenge now ev'ry bosom fire,
" The old who wail'd a friend, or young a fire.
" The Prophet wills—I here his will impart,
" I feel his holy impulse at my heart.
" Regain the glory lost on CUTTERA's day,—
" Let your avenging swords the BRITISH slay—
" Bring the dissever'd heads*—there shall be told
" For ev'ry head it's double count in gold.
" ROHILLAS ! think on the ROHILLA name,

* The Rohillas, having an army treble in number to that of the English, were confident of victory. As an encouragement to slaughter the Europeans in particular, Gholam Mahomed had promised two gold mohurs for every " Fee-ringy head," which accounts for their taking away the heads. This circumstance was afterwards confirmed to me by several Rohillas who fought that day against the English.

“ And raise this day a monument of fame !”
They all by one consenting buzz reply,
And raise their various standards to the sky,

Who can forget that memorable day,
Both armies met in terrible array,
GHOLAM commenc'd the fight—his cannons roar'd—
But harmless fire on our battalions pour'd,
The signal given—we mov'd in *firm* advance,
And dar'd the sabre's edge and murd'rous lance.
The armies clos'd—what carnage then was view'd—
The field of battle soon a field of blood !
What conquer'd foes in streaming gore were laid !
How groan'd the dying and how fell the dead !
O'erpow'r'd at length we saw their dire defeat—
And mark'd them seeking safety in retreat.

— BUT still the men of ROHILCUND may claim,
Intrepid men, the honors of a name ;
None better know, from peasant to the lord,
To dart the shining lance or wield the sword.

High beat your bosoms with courageous zeal!

High glow your passions for the common weal!

Who fell, tho' conquer'd in their slow retreat,

If fall'n in honor's cause, fell truly great.

H—, when WAR shall cease, and WAR's alarms,

And the contending pow'rs lay down their arms,

When smiling PEACE shall raise an olive wand,

And sign the treaty with her snowy hand,

Will you an hour from fav'rite studies spare,

To think of battles past, and read of war!

To you the Muse this tuneful tribute pays—

To you she looks, ambitious of your praise.

But may she ne'er intrude upon that hour,

You wish to give to philosophic lore!

Nor when the families of green have caught,

Arrang'd in classes, your attentive thought:

Nor when the birds whose plumage beauteous shine,

Or curious fossils from the mystic mine,

Or glitt'ring insects from the shady wood,

Or finny natives from the silver flood,

Are sent by friends to your judicious view,
 As NATURE, smiling, shew'd herself to you.
 The virtuous man to harmless study giv'n,
 Enjoys such mental bliss as seems a Heav'n!

Camp Puttah,
 November, 1794. }

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written in Doctor Stuart's History of Scotland.

1796.

LONG had the name of MARY borne the stain
 Of blasting Infamy—but now convinc'd
 By STUART's truth searching pen, we gladly see
 Th' unmerited dishonour wip'd away.

O FAIREST flow'r that e'er in SCOTLAND grew!
 O star of beauty, soften'd and refin'd
 With ev'ry polish'd grace——the GRACES' selves
 Own'd thee their better sister, nor cou'd cope

With thee, in perfect symmetry of form :
Nurs'd in the soft and warmer climes of FRANCE,
Thy native elegance too easy shone
To the rough, ruder children of the North ;
For they, uncouth, thy ev'ry pleasing grace,
Branded with levity's mistaken name.
Fair Queen, unrivall'd in the rol's of beauty !
Sad Queen, unparallel'd in misery's annals !
Now with a double sceptre in thy hand,
The darling consort of a pow'rful King—
Now in confinement's gloom, capricious sport,
For an imperious, subtle, rival Queen.
But thy exalted soul was ne'er confin'd,
For great ideas never felt a shackle,
No fear can bridle them—they sudden burst,
On the quick ears of an admiring world.
MARY, the pride of SCOTLAND dy'd a Queen,
And ev'n in death was charming and serene,
Not death, impending death, in terrors clad
Cou'd alter her firm face—religious smiles—
The mildest smiles—which shew contempt of death—
Religious smiles—which shew our hope in Heav'n,

Still sweeter made her face—already sweet—
For Christian Charity was there pourtray'd,
And a forgetfulness of all her wrongs—
O you, who caus'd her wrongs; dark and malign!

As diff'rent passions sway the human bosom,
So diff'rent authors diff'rently relate
MARY's sad story, big with pompous woes!
The splendid pen of ROBERTSON misled,
By priestly bias writes a priestly tale;
But STUART, guided by TRUTH's glitt'ring star,
Unprejudic'd in principle o'er turns
That shining fabric once so much admir'd.
Lo! MARY's virtues blooming from the tomb,
Tho' wrap'd in slander for two hundred years!
Rejoice, ye nymphs of SCOTIA, let your hearts
With exultation beat, behold that Queen,
So much abus'd in life, bely'd in death,
Shine more resplendent now, from censure free'd:
Like the great Lord of Day, who screen'd by clouds,
Seems doubly lustrous, when the clouds have pass'd.
Weave with your own fair hands, Nymphs of the North!

With your own mountain flow'rs let it be form'd,
A wreath of honor for th' historian's brow,
Which while your mountains last, shall flourish green,
In the unperishable book of TIME.

OF forms in life compel the human mind,
To petty deeds, which when the gale's o'er-blown,
We can't believe we e'er cou'd have perform'd :—
Such was the fate of SCOTLAND's Queen, whene'er
By vassals forc'd to stoop beneath herself.

MOBARUCK UL MULK.

INSCRIBED TO
THE LADIES AT FUTTY GHUR.

1796.

OBSERVATION.

GHOLAUM KHADIR, the son of Zabda Khan, was expelled from parental presence, on account of his enormities. --- The present Emperor took him under his protection, and at length, created him Ameer ul Omrah; notwithstanding the high obligations he owed the Monarch, after a series of leading events, he entered the Imperial Residence in arms, cut out the King's eyes, and treated the young Princes with the most degrading indignities. --- Not stopping there, he violated the forbidden recesses of the Zenana, that highest insult to an ennobled Mussulman; exposed and even robbed the Imperial Ladies. But the lovely Mobaruck ul Mulk, the most beautiful and accomplished of the Royal Daughters, he endeavoured to sooth into a submission with his will. She, driven to despair, drew a concealed poniard, and buried it in her bosom. --- This latter circumstance furnished the hint for the annexed poem.

MOBARUCK UL MULK,
INSCRIBED TO
THE LADIES AT FUTTY GHUR.

HOW many Heroes of eternal fame,
In DELHI liv'd, when DELHI was a name !
O BABER, ACKBER, mighty names ! O come,
And snatch the glory from immortal ROME !

STOP ! ---and is glory but to man confin'd ?
Yes, surely, glory burns in woman kind.
Young ROME may justly boast her chaste Lucrece,
And zealous matrons raise the name of Greece ;
But modern story can with ancient vie,
As well in honor as in infamy.
Hear me, ye Fair ! for you I write the verse,
Proud---thou'd your rosy lips my name rehearse.

WHERE the MOGUL once pond'rous sceptre stood,
When DELHI smil'd on JUMNA's holy flood,

Shah Allum reigns—a second Priam he,
His counterpart in kingly misery :
Both broke with sorrows—bow'd with weight of years,
Both truly venerable with silver hairs ;
Both doom'd alike—so Heav'n's severe decree,
Their kingdom's fall and children's end to see.
Where Chiefs have blaz'd in deeds of blood expert,
A subtle statesman sapp'd this Sov'reign's heart,
SEJANUS-like, he grasp'd at pow'r too high,
SEJANUS-like, behold the villain die ;
Who try to tear, may a like fate arrest !
Virtue's fair flow'rs from woman's lovely breast.

HEAR me, ye Fair ! a pleas'd attention bring ;
While of the blameless MOBARUCK I sing.
Hear me, ye Fair ! for you I write the verse,
Proud—shou'd your rosy lips my name rehearse.

RAIS'D from a cypher by th' Imperial hand,
To splendour, dignity and high command ;
Was GHOLAUM KHADIR—first unknown to fame,
AMEER UL OMRAH last — a mighty name—

And never cou'd one kind idea move,
His stubborn bosom to just, gen'rous love;
Nor human ties, nor duty e'er cou'd bind,
A merc'less heart, so cruelly unkind:
Yes! his accursed hands, in brutal whim,
Dar'd cut those eyes which pity beam'd on him,
O Heav'n! dar'd give the light-depriving wound,
And strike his sceptred master to the ground.
A feeling fact—impearl it with your tears,
A youth thus racking age of sev'nty years!
But more he dar'd---he gave the shameful word,
To force the soft Zenana with the sword,
Expos'd the golden rooms to vulgar sight,
The happy seats of innocent delight;
Sacred to love, and love's harmonious pow'rs,
Where the tir'd Monarch pass'd the purple hours.
From these recesses torn by ruffians rude,
The lovely MOBARUCK a victim stood,
A bashful virgin, trembling and afraid,
In snowy robes of innocence array'd.
Of all the daughters of th' Imperial race,
She far outshone in comeliness of face,

The throbbing loves in her soft bosom rov'd,
And when she mov'd, th' attendant graces mov'd :
Sweet offspring of the sun ! our eyes adore
Thy various beauties, but thy virtues more.

At such a form of symmetry amaz'd,
Struck with stupidity, the savage gaz'd,
Nature impell'd, for as he silent view'd,
Quick trills of feeling trembled thro' his blood ;
With innate rage soon from himself he shook
The tender thought—the scarcely soften'd look,
And dar'd to touch, with passion rudely warm,
The royal robe which veil'd her lovely form.
O race of TIMUR ! how cou'd hands profane,
On your exalted persons fix a stain ?

IN MOB'RUCK'S breast contending passions roll'd,
Inspiring honour made the virgin bold.
“ Sooner,” she cry'd, “ eternal pow'rs believe,
“ I'll spotless die, than e'er polluted live ;
“ Sooner in floods of gore, the friendly knife,
“ Shall terminate my yet unblemish'd life,

" As soon wou'd Heav'n the love of right forego,

" As I'll sublunary dishonour know."

With such immortal sentiments impress'd,

She plung'd the murd'rous poniard in her breast.—

Will not the cause her name from death retrieve ?

While virtue's name's rever'd, her name shall live.

SAY, GREECE and ROME, if ever ye beheld,

This maid in manly fortitude excell'd.

Was ever one with higher glory fir'd,

Was ever one with purer thoughts inspir'd !

By you, sweet PAINTING ! be the story told,

Let us on canvas the great deed behold :

PAINTING ! sweet nymph, this fact thy pow'r invokes,

—The virgin bleeding !——and the monster's looks.

JUST Heav'n, or soon, or late, will always pour,

On man's unrighteous head destruction's show'r ;

KHADIR at length, check'd in his black career,

Meets a dread end, yet scarcely too severe.

Behold this premier ruffian of his age,

The sport of children in an iron cage !

So was the captive BAJAZET erst view'd,
By the great father of the TIMUR blood.
Nor did you, warlike SCINDIA, deem complete,
The vengeance due to villanies so great ;
Till the despoiler lay, no more to rise,
With hands and feet dissever'd and sightless eyes !
Think you on this, whose wish your pow'r exceeds,
When mad ambition fires to daring deeds.

O HEAV'NS ! how bright the pearls of virtue shine,
Out-blazing diamonds from Golconda's mine.
Virtue ! the source of bliss, of boundless worth---
The lamp of reason on th' enlighten'd earth.
May it, while woman is, for ever rest,
On the soft convex of her heaving breast,
Be such it's place till rev'rend time expires,
While man, proud man, beholds it and admires !

YE charming fair ! for whom the lyre I've strung,
Ye all accomplish'd beautiful and young !
Say, may a bard once smil'd on in the West,
Ask Favor's myrtle in the softer East ?

The pleasing gift his pensive Muse demands,
Gift doubly sweet, if giv'n by your fair hands.
Read this, ye Fair! to whom I write the verse,
And let your rosy lips my name rehearse!



**EFFUSIONS,
EFFUSIONS.**

Written after the manner of the Persians.



THE
FAIR city of BENARES, sweet is the remembrance of
thee: thou first introduced me to Hafiz!

SWEET rolled the days I walked in thy gardens: not
SHIRAZ delighted it's poet more!

CAN I forget that bright moon, in which the enchant-
ing charms of JULIA struck me motionless!

I TRIED to speak, but I only looked inexpressible
language.

METHOUGHT I said, fine formed daughter of the
Sun, may you ever flourish under the auspices of the
gracious ALLA!

I PRAYED her eternal felicity. --- The holy IMAUMS
heard my prayer.

BRIGHT is the Musnud of authority; but she is brighter than it, she out-shines the SHAH in all his splendor.

SWEET are thy roses, O PASTUM! — sweet are thy gardens, O CEYLON! — but she is more sweet; she even looks sweetness, nor requires the vain aid of superfluous
utr.

ALAS, alas, my soul! have I not breathed it away! — is not my whole soul borne away on the silver pinions of the Zephyrs!

ON the top of yonder mangoe tree sits the dove, the emblem and messenger of soft desire; how sweetly plaintive he complains; he seems to sympathize in unison with me.

BUT ah! sweet are such pains, and far be away the flaming scymitar of AIZAZEELE!

1846

THE
OBSERVATIONS
ON

REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

With a large volume of observations may be gathered within the
little space of life, by one who interests his heart in every thing
that is going on in the world, and whose eyes are perpetually
fixed on the human race, as it is in the midst of its various
actions and passions.

BY
J. H. STUART.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. H. STUART.

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What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay hands on.

STERNE.

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DEDICATION.

To —————

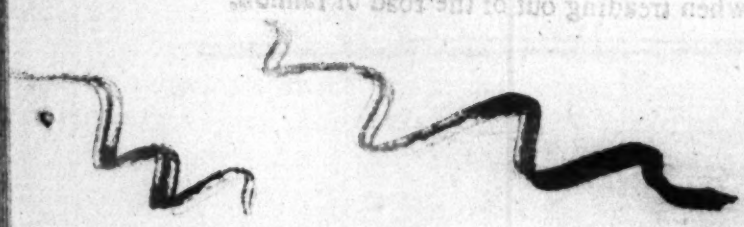
I BEG leave to dedicate to you, my dear Brother, the following Remarks, which are deduced from what I observed in the various circles of life I moved in. You are now approaching your sixteenth year, the crisis in life at which you ought to endeavour at rapid strides in the ample field of liberal improvement. What you now learn will weigh too strongly on your memory to be ever disremembered;—what you now learn will be retained to the last lingering years of your life.—Court Virtue, and shun the depravities which I have fallen into.—I wish I could re-call my earlier youth, that I might live better; but not through a mean desire of life.—See and profit by my example.

RECEIVE this Epistle in our native bowers of MER-
RION; sweet seat of innocence and beauty—fairy seat
of my infancy and youth—in the recollection of which
now my faculties become deadened, and my soul swells
with satiety of anguish.

RECEIVE this Epistle, not from your young, your
gay, your dissipated brother; but from a returned pro-
digal, and penitent profligate, whom, as the Ladies assert
a reformed rake to be the best husband, I assert to be
the best of instructors.

RECEIVE this as a pledge of fraternal affection.—I
write it with a feeling superior to friendship's warmth;—
accept it with as much good nature; and assure yourself,
I am,

Your affectionate Brother, &c.



OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

1789.

FASHIONS.

GREAT men are aped, not only in their actions, but in their drefs. The Society of Barbers, to encrease trade, petitioned a King to wear a wig; when the good and condescending Monarch graciously put it on, one half of the Court followed his example. But the Barbers still murmur, as many young people have arofe since, and it is rumoured will present a fimilar petition to His Royal offspring. Should they be fuccessful, we will soon fee the face of twenty-one, encircled with the wig of fifty- five.

How is it poffible the defire of glaring in the blaze of fashion can be apparently as ftrong as that of a thirfty man for a cup of water?—Some people could not evince more feeming felt pain, if walking on fpikes of iron, than they do when treading out of the road of fashion.

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Will Britons mangle themselves as a child mangles a doll, to make it sufficiently pleasing to its varying disposition?

ADULATION OF AUTHORS.

It disgraces Authors to pour forth servile adulation, to burn smoking volumes of incense on the gaudy altars of Opulence, when the heart cannot move in concurrence with the pen which writes the flattering panegyric.—*Great* men ought to be esteemed when they acquire the appellation of *good*, by the sweat of diligence in their upright administration, in whatsoever station fortune allots them; and not till then. But we too often see the names of noblemen degrade the page of erudition, and lessen her sublime dignity. They are exalted virtues which they are ignorant of, and made crazy by parasites, who would sap their very marrow if it was profitable. O shame to wisdom! O scandal to the liberal mind! May the bays wither on the head of that author, however meritorious, whose panegyric flows not with feeling warmth from the inmost recesses of the heart.

PHYSICIANS.

GRAVITY ought to be the concomitant of a physician; and did the MODERNS erect a statue to Hippocrates, I doubt not but he would have a *wig on*. Yet many are to be found who can shew doctor's degrees, and wear *no wigs* at all; but appear with their hair in balloon style, and the rest of their dress adequate in foppery to their foretops.

LET us not trust ourselves, when on the bed of sickness, to such pseudo-æsculapian gentlemen—Let us rather abide by the dictates of the rural votary of Hygeia, simply skilled in the herbs of the field.

WHEN the philosopher, divine or physician, affect the air of puppyism, from that moment they forfeit the name, which is most certainly incompatible with the character of any of them.

EXTRAORDINARY POLITENESS.

WHEN men are so extraordinary polite as to become the talk of the circle they associate in, I have often doubted the integrity of their intentions. True politeness generally ingratiates in the favor of others, and has a most irresistible and bewitching power: Men admire it in Man, and Women adore it; but when carried to excess, I imagine something screened beneath, of which prudence ought ever be cautioned. My remark is strongly exemplified in many, but particularly in the conduct of the late George Robert Fitzgerald, a man of the most extraordinary politeness and winning address, joined to the most engaging powers of person—brought up amid the nobles of his own country, and polished in the Courts of foreign Kings—Yet this accomplished man *politely* stooped to insinuate himself in the favour of the widow, to sap her substance and rob her orphans.

VILLAINY, masked by politeness, may prosper for a little, but the chariot of reeds must soon break. He fell a victim to the laws he audaciously violated, and few, very few, bewailed his exit.

NOVELS.

I do not approve of Novels for the study of youth; they corrupt the mind, and vitiate the taste; while the Story of truth catches the heart, and is remembered with pleasure. The annals of the world furnish the young student with sufficient entertainment to feast and even satiate the mental appetite. Why then are so many gratified with the tale of fiction, when every thing tortured invention can present to imagination, is to be found exemplified in a superior degree in real life. The Historian unfolds to us the wonders of the world. The Poet allures to virtue by the suavity of his verse—The book of the Philosopher exalts the mind, and the Essayist instructs in Morality; but the Novellist tries to undo what the other writers have so studiously done; his romance shews incredible wonders, and generally terminates with the union of two lovers after a series of adventures, which strains the youthful understanding to think on; for they are no less surprizing

Harmony

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than false. It is a shame to see such libraries of per-
nicion fill the place of the Spectator, the Rambler and
the Adventures.

UNHAPPINESS OF GENIUS.

THE unhappy fate of literary men casts immortal
scandal on the annals of polished nations. To enume-
rate the melancholy list, would be calling to memory
what is already known and reflected on with pity. We
very seldom find men dignified by birth with hereditary
honor, possessed of true genius:—if they have it by na-
herve ture, they ~~present~~ it by their manners, which are detest-
ed at the very moment they are praised by the parasites
who surround them. Flattery makes great men think
they *are* what they *are not*;—they die unlamented, tho'
the best sculptors are employed to raise monumental
trophies to their praise.

IN middle life is true genius mostly found, and I am
sorry to find it so often unhappy. Genius and Impro-
vidence have gone hand in hand since the creation, and

the unhappiness of it generally originates from itself; it disdains the scrutiny of the important matters of life, nor ever raises a fortification against approaching calamity; it is either too indolent to act, or above treading in the steps of ordinary people.—Proceed from what cause it may, Genius has hitherto been unfortunate.

HUMANITY says, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But notwithstanding his failings, I am unwilling the name of William Pilkington should be disremembered. This Gentleman (the son of the famous *Lætitia Pilkington*, the companion of *Swift*) enjoyed a small curacy in Ireland. His congregation always departed charmed with the energy of his discourse, which conveyed his ideas in neat and comprehensive language; neither too eloquent, nor too mystical, but properly adapted to country auditors. He justly considered, his abilities and attention would attract the notice of the Bishop, and advance him to a Living. He passed twelve years in this pleasing expectation, and when all dreams of future promotion were stifled in his bosom, he poured forth

stilled

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poetical ejaculations, of which I recollect some broken couplets, repeated to me by the inhabitants of that country.

“ Five helpless children, servant and a wife,

“ To furnish with the requisites of life.

“ —————

“ We starve genteel on fifty pounds a year.

“ Gone all my dreams of bliss, my early hope.

“ ’Twould scarcely keep six chickens in a coop.”

AT length his mind, deadened with disappointment, and the thoughts arising from ungratified expectation, the neglected man grew a sloven, and sought comfort in *usquebaugh*. We must commiserate his unhappy end, and shed a tear of pity on the reflection.—At an assizes held in the town, the judge waited a considerable time for the appearance of the magistrate (he being the only one); at last he sent a messenger, but *Pilkington* was in bed. The Judge with great warmth exclaimed, “What but one magistrate in town, he in bed, and I on the bench!—Go, tell him to appear.” *Pilkington* attended,

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at the second summons, but in a most wretched garb. His coat and linen shamefully dirty, and his cravat worn to ribbands. The Judge stared as the crier made way, and said to *Pilkington*, when he approached, "Begone, you stink of liquor." He immediately retired home, ashamed of such a reproof in public court, and drank a quantity of spirits, which almost immediately terminated his life.

UNHAPPY catastrophe for a man who might have shone an ornament, not only to his gown, but to human nature!

MANY obscure men, who if ushered into life might adorn it by an exertion of their latent abilities, fall victims to that chagrin a neglected man of merit always feels. I have known too many examples.

ST. ATHANASIUS.

RELIGIOUS subjects ought not to be treated ænigmatically, but in such language as the most simple understanding might easily comprehend.

THE creed which bears the name of Athanasius is unjustly called so, for he died long before it publicly appeared. It was written by some subtle bigot, conformable to the Athanasian doctrine, and thence undoubtedly derived it's name.

BUT supposing it to be written by Athanasius himself, his character was not such as to demand respect: he was a young petulant archdeacon, who waded thro' a deluge of blood, to the Bishopric of Alexandria, from whence he was expelled for shameful misdemeanours. By subtlety and address he again recovered his mitre, and glutted his sanguinary disposition with more human slaughter.

IN the Irish Parliament, a Bishop of Clogher made a most eloquent, learned and elaborate oration against this creed, for which he was very near suffering the deprivation, not only of his mitre but his head.

YET there are many who would join with that prelate, in abolishing it from our Liturgy.

MR. KIRWAN.

THE elogium bestowed on the Reverend Walter Black Kirwan's eloquence is not exaggerated. I heard him at St. Peters, and he swelled my soul to sublimity. With an energy not inferior to Demosthenes, he instructed his congregation, how philosophers pompously preach to the understanding, but God's Gospel to the heart. The most irreligious departed not unimproved, so mighty the powers of divine eloquence !

As the beautiful woman, with love for whom we are prepossessed, can lead us agreeable to her pleasure, so

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Mr. Kirwan with his auditors—as he thinks, they must think—he enchants them to Religion.

YET this great man has glaring failings. His action is too theatrical for the pulpit, and I fear proceeds from affectation—He is not the model of that humility he instructs us to follow—He treads more in the blaze of fashion than his sacred calling can decently permit. Such are the general objections to the greatest divine orator in the everlasting annals of Religion.

IMPERTINENT INTERRUPTION.

Two people can never meet together but the devil sends in a third to disturb them. This was the case with B—and I, when discoursing on Liberty and the Bastile; the insignificant S—bounced in, who immediately interrupted my friend, by telling him, “An apothecary’s shop is an excellent place to make punch in, on account of the fuccedaneums, if there be a deficiency of the proper requisites.” He enumerated the substitutes, with many etceteras, which I now disremember; when

his discourse came to a period, he sat silent for a moment, wrapped in the dignity of self importance, awaiting the applause due to his discovery and information.

S—— is one of the most noble order of bucks, and it would have been dangerous to have interrupted him, as the consequence might possibly have been a challenge.

CONVERSATION in politer life is too often intruded on by the numerous S—'s who come from the gilded alcoves of Folly. In politeness we cannot shew apparent inattention to discourse in a circumscribed company; but when chatterers are never encouraged by answers, they quickly become inoffensive mutes.

NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

ARE not national reflections unworthy of a liberal and refined people? It casts a stigma on Britons to practice the *diversion* of such low satire. The *Scotsman* is the jest of the people he speaks with, and his countrymen are shamefully caricatured. It is still worse with the *Irishman*. — He is reflected on as a

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blunderer, because a native of one of the most glorious Islands in the universe. — What does England owe her sister? Is she not the supporter of her rights? Does she not furnish her with brave armies, — soldiers studiously fought, by all the other powers of the world? O shameful return to a great and spirited people! O unmerited reward for steady loyalty!

R O M E.

TIME causes mighty revolutions, not only in states, but in the dispositions and manners of men. Rome, the great mistress of the world, who once saw her streets crowded with heroes, whose very names kept the fiercest nations in awe, experiences a sad reverse of fortune. Where the Horatii conquered—Where Brutus destroyed Tyranny—Where Camillus nobly fought, and where the immortal Tully thundered—degenerate people walk, pregnant with superstition; the bigots of folly, and enthusiasts of their own blindness. Yet the self flattering mortals boast their ancestors' glory to be their own.

BUTLER'S THOUGHT, &c. &c.

THE thought on death, after hearing of the murder of King Charles I. written by the immortal Butler, is, methinks, replete with instructive morality, and fully marks the insignificance of human grandeur. As it is very short, I will transcribe it.

THE glories of our birth and state,

Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against Fate,

Death lays his icy hand on Kings ;

Sceptre and Crown,

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal laid,

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SOME men with fwords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill,

But their strong nerves at last must yield.

They tame but one another still ;

Early or late,

They stoop to Fate,


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And must give up their murmuring breath,
While the pale captive yields to death.

THE Garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds :

All heads must come,
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

HERE is laconically told what divines expatiate on from the pulpit ; it is here expressed in neat and simple language, without their prolix redundancies, which often explain their original meaning beyond comprehension. It shews the *nothingness* of human life, unless virtue guides our actions—the unerring guide, which alone can procure that reward, the beneficence of Heaven has promised the man “ *that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners.*”



S U I C I D E.

SUICIDE is often the consequence of disappointed love: young men suffer their reason to be hurried away by the idea of an object, which steady deliberation would inform them to be unattainable, by their most industrious endeavours and rigorous perseverance. When the expectation of the enjoyment of any object becomes deeply rooted in the mind, it preys on it, and a settled melancholy is the consequence. Life then becomes insupportable, and we see the desperate resources of the pistol and the knife.

THERE is no book I would so carefully debar from the perusal of youth, as the "Sorrows of Werter." The author is surely the apologist of suicide; his language is tender and too alluring; it charms away the youthful senses. This pernicious volume was found under the pillow of a beautiful young lady, immediately at her decease.

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THOUGH none of the commandments *expresly* forbid *selfdeprivation* of existence—tho' St. Paul, who reprobates every other error, in his epistles to the Corinthians, omits this, yet it cannot in reason be considered justifiable to take from ourselves what Heaven bestowed. The ancients called the suicide *a glorious hero*—the moderns term him a *cowardly fool*; as that very adversity, which drives so many to desperation, may be the inscrutable way intended by Providence for the enjoyment of greater succeeding felicities.

But after all can be said, if we call the man a coward who deliberately claps a pistol to his head, we must call him a coward with great resolution.

MR. Budgell, who leapt into the Thames at the beginning of the present century, left after him this remarkable distich.

“What Cato did, and Addison *approv'd*;

“Cannot be wrong ———.”

BLAIR'S strong disapprobation of suicide, is admirably expressed by a single line, in that elegant and nervous poem 'The Grave.'

"The common damn'd shun their society."—

Of all suicides, I consider the duellest the blackest; he deliberately flies in the jaws of death, and braves God with an angry countenance: he is most inexcusable when, perfect in health, master of his senses, blessed with fortune, he sacrifices all to the turbulence of passion, and headlong jumps in the ~~innumerable~~ *irremediable* abyss of eternity.

I maintain, the man who declines a challenge is no coward for that reason, but on the contrary deserves commendation; while the *blood* who gives it, ought to be expelled from society, in which he is only a dangerous incendiary.

CHALLENGES in modern days are given through ostentation, consequently by narrow-minded men.

H O R S E S.

WHAT a most noble animal the horse is! God has bestowed him on man, to lesson labour in procuring the conveniences of life; but his purpose is perverted and abused by the butterflies of fashion, who spur and gallop away beyond what humanity can easily conceive.

IN a journey the horse is patient of thirst and hunger, cold and heat.—He exerts himself for our gratification—he is glorious in war—useful in peace—and profitable to the whole community.

YET his various perfections are insufficient to screen him from the injurious caprice of the temper of man. When we do not use him, we abuse him. He is galloped, posted, and spurred into infirmities, and becomes at last a feast for the hounds.

GRATITUDE AND FLATTERY.

GRATITUDE is the sweetest incense man can offer to man ; it is ever acceptable, because it comes sincerely from the heart ; but oily flattery slips from the mouth, and is mostly given to the superior by the inferior, not often *vice versa*.

THE language of gratitude is rough, warm and unpremediated. The language of flattery is smooth, chosen and pointed ; this heart stealing daughter of cunning, too often accomplishes her purposes, even where reason fails in persuading.

I HAVE known great men praised for *bon mots*, which did they proceed from the lips of inferior personages would create against them the horse laugh of ridicule. Good God ! will men pay such respect to man, as must be considered in a degree very little short of idolatry !

MODESTY.

THAT Modesty is the great characteristic of the lovelier sex, cannot be disallowed. Yes—it is the loadstone *which* awes the most profligate, at the very moment it attracts. As courage is natural to man, so is modesty to woman, and education heightens and improves it to perfection. The number of profligate females, who disturb the quiet of London, ~~although~~ vicious living has degenerated them to brutes, once possessed this amiable virtue. Their first practices in vice, which repetition raised to enormity—which carried from reflection the power of retrospective observation, made them forsake this lovely concomitant. We view them at once with horror and pity. The sense of the finest virtue is lost by evil association; it taints imperceptibly; and that pitch of vice is at length attained, we imagined ourselves could never arrive to.

No man ever presumed to declare a passion for a married woman, without first understanding his approaches would meet success;—here man is cautiously

timid, and here woman is to blame. Modesty is her impenetrable shield. Through a negligence to it, alone, is the peace of families disturbed, and expensive law suits commenced, which involve all parties in the labyrinth of perpetual disgrace.

PRIDE.

NOTHING hurts the dignity and deportment of man so much as pride, the professor of it acts as if under constraint; and, while he imagines himself the very mirror of superior politeness, he is the object of public remark. *Pride hurts the beauty of the countenance, and it becomes what nature never intended it.*

LET the proud man consider attentively, the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses of the eleventh chapter of Acts, "and as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him; but Peter took him up, saying, stand up, I myself also am a man."—The proud expect the same reverence from *common mortals*, which Cornelius paid to Peter; our approaches, they conceive should be with submission, or in plebeian

language, *cap in hand*.—But let them consider, *they also are men.*

WHY people are proud, I could never discover the reason; the man of exalted ideas is above pride; the blunt fellow despises it.—It must then be engendered in the head of emptyness, or where the brain thinks too much to think any thing at all.

LET us avoid this most contemptible of all things, which takes away our true relish, for the enjoyment of life. — A proud man is a tennis ball of ridicule, at once the sport and pity of the world.

DISSIMULATION.

DISSIMULATION is a mask of the most dangerous nature, and uncommon prudence is required to guard against those who put it on; it keeps the heart from public inspection, nor can the nicest eye see beneath it. Dissimulation proceeds from cunning, and cunning is beneath the dignity of wisdom.—I have seldom known men of this description, successful in life; he who lives by

dissembling, must certainly suffer the fear of him, who had a sword suspended over his head, by a single horse hair; his situation, believe me, is not very dissimilar.

THE REV. MR. H.

It is observed, that he whose actions correspond not exactly with his praises of virtue, is incapable of instructing others: but if a moral discourse is pathetically delivered, what avails it to you as a mere auditor, who the man in the pulpit may be, whether a free liver or a rigid moralist?—Let it not be concluded from this, I aim at traducing religion and virtue; I am sensible, no man can step forward as the apologist of immorality; when virtue is found to contribute so much to sublunary happiness, that he who possesses it not really, must assume it's appearance. —The Rev. Mr. H. assumes the appearance of that virtue, which the pious prelate his father actually possesses:—though young H—is a profligate character, the auditor, obedient to his lessons, will never deviate from the paths of rectitude.

I met him one Sunday, after divine service, in the church portico, relieving the distresses of the blind, and

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the cripple ; — “ Ho ! says he, how did you like my sermon ? ” Very well, — “ Then I got it for a penny at the fair, in which I purchased my bay hunter.”

AUTHORS.

If Prime Ministers are despots, booksellers are the same ; the first impoverish, and oppress the King's subjects by excise and taxation ; the latter sway the sceptre over unfortunate authors, and keep them *dabbling* in the poverty they originally found them, while their land and their carcasses fatten with the labour of every poor petitioning brainweaver's productions. — In life, mechanical merit never fails of meeting pecuniary reward ; while literary merit is heaped with admiration, and left to drink the waters of Helicon, and feast on the apples in the garden of the Hesperides, without our once considering the dragon who guards them. — Some writer humorously observes,

Who e'er yet did see,

Wit in embroid'ry or smart toupee ?

What are the Muses which the poets brag on ?

Nine strolling gypsies, that have scarce a rag on ?

Bold girls half naked — Eh! so strange a sight,

Wou'd put a GENTLEMAN into a fright. *Oh Oh Oh*

ADMIRATION is what the tuneful tribe generally
feast on; but it is too aerial a Diet to be very fattening.

EUNUCHS AND PRIESTS.

IN Turkey, men are made eunuchs, to guard the
Harams, and keep the ladies of the Seraglios from vulgar
insult.— In Italy, men become eunuchs to encrease the
suavity of the voice; in Rome, particularly, they ought
meto dy to be eunuchs; I mean the numerous devotees of religion,
for I suppose *only* the *meek passions* lodged in their clem-
ent bosoms.

JOHN LAMBERT, who was burned in Smithfield, in
the reign of Henry VIII. alledged in answer to the
forty-five articles of his impeachment, before Warham,
the then Archbishop of Canterbury; “that every priest
and nun is bound to marry, to avoid sin; that all men
should enter the holy state of wedlock, as God’s design
was evidently that his people should encrease. And the

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martyr Paphnutius, before the Nicene council, when all the Bishops purposed to have enacted that Priests and Nuns should live unmarried; resisted with such strength of reason and authority of scripture, that the law was not enacted, and priests were allowed matrimonial privileges, as other men.

I HAVE known of several servants of His Holiness the Pope having had long dialogues of *consolation*, with *pious nuns*, who came to confess and beg absolution, yet started at the word matrimony. --- The papal law is a bad one, and as St. Paul says, though *the device may have the semblance of holiness*, it is indeed the *destruction*, and *undoing of the same*.

WHEN I fill the chair of St. Peter, I will either be an eunuch or a husband.

CURSORY REMARKS ON UTOPIA.*

UTOPIA is a country of vast extent, under the dominion of foreigners.—The present Lords Paramount in *this* soft, luxurious and debilitating climate, were first invited thither by COMMERCE: under her auspices, they left the happy *Island of the Moon*, where mild gales refresh the senses; to dare the intolerable *Suns* of *Utopia's* feverish region. The ambitious aliens, whose first views were only commercial, observed the debility of the natives; and the country at length became their own, by the arts of policy and conquest.—The mildness of their government endeared it to the *Utopians*, who remain happy under the equitable laws, and benign sway of such humane and wise conquerors.

THE inhabitants of *Utopia*, are as dark in complexion as the people of *Hindustan*, whom they resemble

* It is to be observed, *Utopia* is a word of Grecian derivation. It comes from *OU* not and *ΤΟΠΟΣ* a place; it there, fore implies *no where*.

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in every respect, except language, their dialect being more discordant than the vulgar *Hindoostanee*.—The inhabitants from *the Island of the Moon*, who govern them, are of a fair complexion, possessing high abilities, but ambitious to an extreme.—They have all the wit of Europe, and might justly be stiled the Chiefs of the human race, were they not too desirous of that pageantry and pomp, so conspicuous among the imperious Ottomans, and too eager after riches, even as much so as the inhabitants of India; but still their exalted merits cover failings, which for time immemorial have been deeply radicated in the bosoms of all mankind.

To make their authority respectable among the *Utopians*, as well as to preserve their acquired territories from the incursion of their neighbours, it became necessary to establish a standing army. Battalions were accordingly formed of *Utopians*, but commanded by officers from amid the commercial natives of *the Island of the Moon*.

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For a series of years the army stood, with little variation, as at first organized. Time and experience shewed where it was defective, and a new military arrangement was finally determined on by the council of the TWENTY-FOUR.

This memorable revolution in the *Utopian* Military System, took effect in the year of their Nomad 4568, which answers to the year of the Hegyra 1210, to the year of the Fufilee 1203, and to the year of Christ 1796.

By the 'SNOLTALUGERWEN' (which *Utopian* word, according to the best dictionaries, may be translated 'NEW REGULATIONS') a battalion consists of one thousand men, in ten companies, with ten officers and a commandant.

Let us make a few observations on an *Utopian* battalion thus organized; but it first becomes necessary to consider the powers surrounding *Utopia*, their manner of fighting, as well as the disposition of it's own natural inhabitants.

UTOPIA is surrounded by warlike states, some of which have been initiated in the use of artillery, by a people called Europeans, others of which are expert with the fymitar and pike above all the rest of mankind. The whole are strangers to luxury, inured to labour, agile in motion, and as savage in disposition as the Wogul Tartars, who say their prayers but once in a year, and then to a dead horse.

SURROUNDED by such warlike and ferocious powers, it behoves the rulers of *Utopia* to bestow the most unremitting consideration to their military establishment, on the *strength* and *respectability* of which even *their very existence* depends.

THE native *Utopians*, in the military service of the people from the *Island of the Moon*, are in general vehement of temper; which alone, in polished and refined kingdoms, is sufficient to disqualify a man for the honourable profession of arms:—they are trained to fight, not with the fabre, after the manner of their progenitors, but with small pieces, similar to the musquet of

the English armies: in battle, they are too impetuous, and under their present ill modelled system, the most dangerous consequences must attend the state, when one man in action commands one hundred irrefrainable soldiers; and one commandant, one thousand.

BUT if confusion is to be apprehended in victory, what must be expected when fortune is adverse? Can those alien commanders, in the moment of retreat, enforce

obedience on such an unwieldy and voluminous body? It is impossible!—Any man intelligent in the present Utopian Military System, without hesitation must pronounce it impossible.—Even on a military parade, where silence and attention are supposed to prevail, the voice of a commandant is not heard on the flanks, or at best

but very indistinctly. How then is it possible, in the field of battle, when the elements are rent with mimic thunder, that obedience will ensue a word of command, unheard by the fortieth man from the captain? O New System! may a New System rectify your redundant errors!

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COMMANDER OF THE UTOPIAN ARMY, you are naturally disposed to do good ! Ask your heart if ALLEGORY writes truth ; and point, for you can, the road to RECTIFICATION !

Fetty Gbur, October, 1796.

